



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



Oh, I am a rural assemblyman,
From Wayback County fair,
With no conscience at all, and one ounce of brains,
And the hayseed in my hair.

And I dance all over New York's proud town,
With a foot as heavy as Fate;
I levy her taxes and pocket my bribes,
And New York must pay the freight.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
from the
PUCK BUILDING,
New York.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.

A. Schwarzmann.

Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 11th, 1887.—No. 531.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS GENERALLY CONCEDED THAT New York has been for many years the worst governed city of the United States. We "point with pride" to our Fire Department; but there our pointing with pride ends. Mayor Grace has done good work for the town; Mayor Hewitt is doing still better work; but both of them have been hampered by bad laws and by the bad power of corrupt political rings, long and firmly established. New York has to-day the best Mayor she has had in a generation. But she has as bad a Board of Aldermen as ever betrayed her interests in the past. The one that is now colonized in Sing Sing and in Canada was no worse than its successors—or than its predecessors, for that matter. But there is no need of going through the whole indictment. Mayor Hewitt can not, single-handed, give this city the government she needs. And the plain reason of it is this: the government of the city is not in the city's hands. Her interests have been delivered into the care of a lot of unscrupulous sixpenny politicians, who constitute the majority of the State Legislature, and who are, most of them, both ignorant and vicious.

These men have only two ideas in dealing with the affairs of New York. One is to make money for themselves—the other is to keep the burden of taxation on New York's shoulders. The man who says he represents Chippmunk County strains every nerve to make New York pay Chippmunk County's expenses. The local politicians of Chippmunk are thus enabled to bond the county and to raise money for the erection of unnecessary bridges and the digging of useless ditches, thereby getting up profitable little "jobs" for themselves and their helpers. So is a great city handed over to alien plunderers. And the mischief goes further yet. Such men as these will not make good laws for the management of the town upon which they batten. If they wanted to, they could not. As a matter of fact, they make their enactments to suit the lowest of our own politicians, who make what are called deals with them. Once in a while they have to yield to popular clamor, and give the people what they demand; but they do this no oftener than they can help—and, the way things go on now, that is not often.

Is there any way out of it all, for this unfortunate city, except the one way proposed long ago—the Imperial Charter? Why should we be robbed and bullied by uneducated rustics from Chippmunk County, who can not look beyond the horizon that bounds their native vale? Why should we not manage our own affairs in our own way, pay an equitable share of the State's expenses, and let Chippmunk County take her chance with the rest of the community? The task of wresting our liberty from the hands of Albany legislators is not easy; but it is not impossible. If we know what we want, and demand it firmly, we shall get it. The practical politician—that is, the dishonest politician—knows that his tenure of power and place is not nearly so certain as it was a few years ago, and he will govern himself accordingly. New York is a rich prize to part with; but he will give it up if he knows it is a question of yielding it or of yielding everything. When this city governs herself, she will be likely to govern herself for her own good, and not to her own detriment.

There is a deeper significance still in this system by which Chippmunk County is able to exert an undesirable influence over the affairs of New York City. We may well ask ourselves if we have not carried much too far this idea of subdividing patriotism, so to speak—this chopping up of our states into smaller states, called counties, and our cities into smaller cities, called wards. That Chippmunk County should exist, as an entity, and should manage its own affairs, is all very well. The rights we claim for New York we may not deny to Chippmunk. But why should that county send to the State Legislature a representative bound and pledged,

not to the State as a whole, but to Chippmunk as a locality? The principle is clearly applicable to the Congress of the United States, because the various States of the Union have widely dissimilar interests. The New Yorker can not be expected to know what Arizona needs or wishes. But any rational man may acquaint himself with the characteristics of the different sections of his own state. If he is a legislator, he ought to have this general knowledge.

But whatever may be thought of the relative value of the legislator at large and the legislator from a county, there can be no question that the gerrymandering of New York is what makes it impossible for us to get a decent Board of Aldermen. The bad men flock together in all large towns, and they form the majority in the spots where they congregate. When they are numerous enough to hold the power, or the balance of power, in a given ward, they are certain to send a venal representative to the City Hall. But even aside from this, the system is absurd and mischievous. Look at the lower part of the town—at the dry-goods district and the region where the banks and large financial institutions are situated. The interests of these regions are the interests of the men who do business there, and whose capital is invested there. But the votes are cast by janitors, small traders and saloon-keepers. And what representation have the business men? Well, they have one district, so called, for their own. It is known as the silk-stocking district. You may count for yourselves the good aldermen who have sat in the last dozen boards.

It begins to look as though there was relief in store for the city in one matter. The movement for the repeal of our idiotic Sunday laws and of the beer-and-music law is strong, and will grow stronger. These were legislative concessions to a handful of noisy fanatics. The people of the city never wished them or needed them. They never even served their purpose, such as it was. We have called them idiotic. There is hardly another word for such folly. Because there were a few disorderly concert-halls in New York; because there were low grogeries where drunkards passed their Sundays, the people of the whole city were forbidden to drink their beer and listen to music in well-ordered places of public resort, or to buy a glass of wine between Saturday midnight and Monday morning. Beautiful and far-sighted legislation!

We used to laugh at the Irishman who came to America to pick up the gold in the streets. But it is to be said for the Irishman that when he awoke from his dream he awoke and went to work. Often he did, figuratively, at least, pick his gold out of the pavements and ditches of growing cities. But the Russian and Bohemian immigrants of the present day, the raw material of our Anarchists, belong to a class far inferior to the energetic Irishman. At the bottom of all the Anarchism in this country is sheer, plain, common, every day laziness. The Russian Anarchist has some reason for seeking the life of his despotic ruler; but here, where no amount of assassination will better his condition, the Anarchist has no natural status, as an Anarchist, in the social system. And, as a matter of fact, his anarchy is a business, no more and no less, and he makes it pay him—out of the laboring-man's pocket.



STRICTLY LAW-ABIDING.

"Git out! It's agin ther law to have beer and music together!"



A CUNARDER SAILS.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*first trip*).—Oh, is n't this *too* lovely!

FOND MAMA.—You are so enthusiastic, Arabella.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*growing very English*).—Oh, but *fahncy*, Mama, reading advertisements of London railways right here before we even leave the dock.

FOND MAMA.—That is really nothing.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—Oh, but it does seem quite *too* fascinating. Oh, and here is Mr. Callow. Now, is n't this *too* charming!

MR. CALLOW.—Could n't resist coming down to say *bon voyage*, and all that sort of thing, you know.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—Oh, you are *so* good! And these lovely flowers—Oh, thank you *so* much!

MR. CALLOW.—Oh, really, they are not worth mentioning.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—They are *simply exquisite*. Do you know I have just been telling mama I feel *so* traveled already!

MR. CALLOW.—Oh, come now, you know!

MISS GUSHINGTON.—But I *really* do. Oh, mama, I am going with Mr. Callow to see the luggage lowered. It's all so *awfully* interesting.

YOUNG MR. HARVARD (*looking on*).—I say, Nell, there goes a pretty girl. I hope she crosses with us.

HIS SISTER (*somewhat older, with a superior air, raising her lorgnette*).—Yes; she crosses, and for the first time.

YOUNG MR. HARVARD.—Why, do you know her?

HIS SISTER.—Know her! Of course not—but she has a brand new traveling dress.

POMPOUS OLD PARTY.—Well, we're really off, my dear.

HIS WIFE.—Yes; and it is so pleasant to leave with such a throng of cheerful people saying good bye.

POMPOUS OLD PARTY (*looking about benignly*).—Yes; a great, noisy, jostling good-natured crowd. Everybody in a hurry, pushing his neighbor, but nobody in a temper—damme, sir! you are treading on my toes—can't you see, sir, when a man is directly in your way?

TIMID PASSENGER (*putting the usual question to an officer*).—Are we likely to have good weather—that is, you know—I suppose this is the season for a quick passage—and—er—a safe one, you know?

OFFICER (*the usual answer*).—The Cunard Line, sir, has never yet lost a passenger.

YOUNG MR. CLUBMAN.—Oh, Miss Larkins, I've been looking all over for you! I began to be afraid I should have to carry this box of nougat back with me.

MISS LARKINS.—Another! Why do you know, quite confidentially,

this is my tenth box of bonbons? but it is the first of nougat; and I dote on nougat!

YOUNG MR. CLUBMAN.—What an awfully happy thought of mine to select it—one out of ten—such a narrow escape!

OLD MR. CLUBMAN.—Hello, Larkins, old fellow, I've scoured three decks for you!

PAPA LARKINS (*below*).—Is that you, Clubman? 'Pon my soul, I'm glad to see you!

OLD MR. CLUBMAN.—Oh, I could n't let you sail without a life-preserver. There it is—some of the old stuff, me boy, that I never produce except to save a friend from shipwreck.

PAPA LARKINS.—Clubman, you're a genius! We will let it gurgle.

(*Bell rings, whistles blow.*)—"All off for shore!"

PRACTICAL MAMA.—Good bye, Horace. Write me often—and remember, don't leave off your flannels till June. (*to daughter*)—Eleanor, don't make a spectacle of yourself. Last Spring, when your aunt sailed, you cried because you could n't go; and now that you are going you still cry.

PRETTY BLONDE (*overheard in a sheltered place*).—Good bye, then, Mr. Tandem—and you may come across, you think?

MR. TANDEM.—May I?

PRETTY BLONDE.—Why, of course; we will be very glad to see you.

MR. TANDEM.—Make the pronoun singular and I'll sail next week.

PRETTY BLONDE (*archly*).—I never did know anything about grammar; perhaps (*dropping her eyes and toying lightly with a rose*) botany will do as well.

MRS. SENTIMENTAL (*leaning over the rail*).—Look, Augustus—that young man down on the dock!

MR. SENTIMENTAL.—Which one, and what of him?

MRS. SENTIMENTAL.—The tall one yonder. I noticed him up here as the crowd was leaving—he seemed to linger and look back. Perhaps he has a fiancée on board.

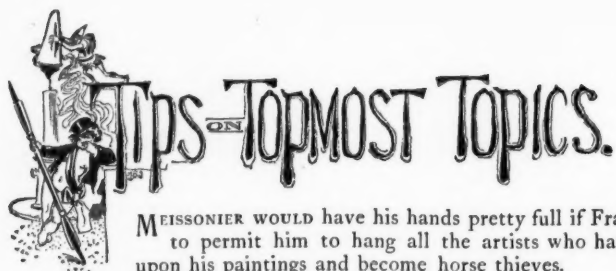
MR. SENTIMENTAL.—Well, and if he has?

MRS. SENTIMENTAL.—I should want to know all about it. Oh, he must have! See, he has worked his way to the extreme edge of the pier and is straining all his gaze after the ship!

MR. SENTIMENTAL.—Oh, I see him. He's a newspaper reporter.

MRS. SENTIMENTAL (*after a moment*).—I hope you gave him our names, Augustus!

PHILIP H. WELCH.



MEISSONIER would have his hands pretty full if France were to permit him to hang all the artists who have looked upon his paintings and become horse thieves.

THE EDITOR OF *Outing* has "An Open Window." All poets should paste this bit of information in their hats.

A POEM IS NOW GOING the rounds entitled "How Little We Know of Each Other." It cannot refer to the residents of a village. It must mean the people who live in flats.

MISS JULIA SPRAGUE is lecturing on "What I Saw in Utah." If she would lecture on what she did n't see in Utah, her remarks would be more picturesque.

THE TRAMPS BELONGS to the genus *lophyrus abietis*. This may at first appear strange, but when you come to consider that the l. a. is the fir saw fly, and that the tramp flies from the saw as fir as possible, the whole thing seems perfectly clear.

UTAH HAS A SAN PETE COUNTY. We dislike a form that is at once familiar and sacrilegious.

MRS. MARY MURPHY, of St. Louis, is cutting a new set of teeth at the age of one hundred; and Chicago, not to be beaten again, reports a new set in a child of six months, and wants to know what St. Louis is crowing about.

THE GREAT ALASKAN GLACIER moves only a mile a year. Sort of gigantic messenger boy.

THERE ARE FORTY-TWO college graduates represented on six papers in Boston. This is a pretty good showing. If you want to know where the rest are, you are kindly asked to read some of the leading sporting newspapers.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS that you should go to a dentist to find whether the teeth are in straight. This advice should be followed while the dog is hanging onto you.

SAN DIEGO HAS A LAKE of boiling mud. This is the only region in which Socialists bathe.

CHERUBINI BEGAN to write at nine, Auber at eleven, David at thirteen, Lotti at fifteen, and Blaine at—Whither are we drifting? This is a musical item.

ABOUT THE WORST examples a boy meets with are in the arithmetic.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

VOICE FROM UNDER THE LOAD.—I'm here, mother! Hennessy's tinnymint's fell down!

MRS. MORIARTY.—Hivin' bliss thim Buddenshiks!



WAITING FOR HIS GIRL.

YOUNG MAN (to SEXTON, at church door).—Is n't the sermon nearly done?

SEXTON.—About an hour yet. He is only on his "Lastly."

YOUNG MAN.—Will it take him an hour to get through his "Lastly?"

SEXTON.—No; but there's the "One word more and I am done," and the "Finally," and the "In conclusion" to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man! Your girl won't spoil!

HER FULL NAME.

TO THE Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Since you have kindly asked me for a sentiment in verse, such, for instance, as we see in the *Monthly Megatherium*, I herewith enclose one, with a few preliminary remarks on a matter pertaining to those contributions and to my own.

Did you ever think upon the subject of our names, how often they are kept back from their full and proper, not to say picturesque, development?

When any one points at me, or, rather, nods inquiringly toward me, with the question: "Who is that?" as I flatter myself strangers are apt to do, the answer from any of our towns-people would be: "Why, that is Lury Fluffkins," and I doubt not but that would be your own answer. It would sometimes be Silury, either of which would be well enough at home and among my familiars.

To a few choice spirits I am Siluria, and I always sign my letters Siluria A. Fluffkins. I have tried S. Antonia; but that style bears an unbalanced look, not compatible with anything in my character. For the ordinary purposes of life it does not so much matter; but when ennobling sentiments are uttered, particularly in verse, the name which follows them can not be dissociated from them, and should extend to its utmost limits; and I may further remark that the more of the mystic quality there may be in the verse, the less of mysticism should there be in the expression of the author's name.

Having thus justified my new signature, I give you.

REPOSE.

My weary heart is still!
After the contest, long and sore and bitter,
Stillness is rest, and better far and fitter
Than angry words that kill.

My weary heart is still!
Naught will awake it, but the earnest pleading
Of some fond heart like mine, all torn and bleeding;
Perchance, such pleading will.

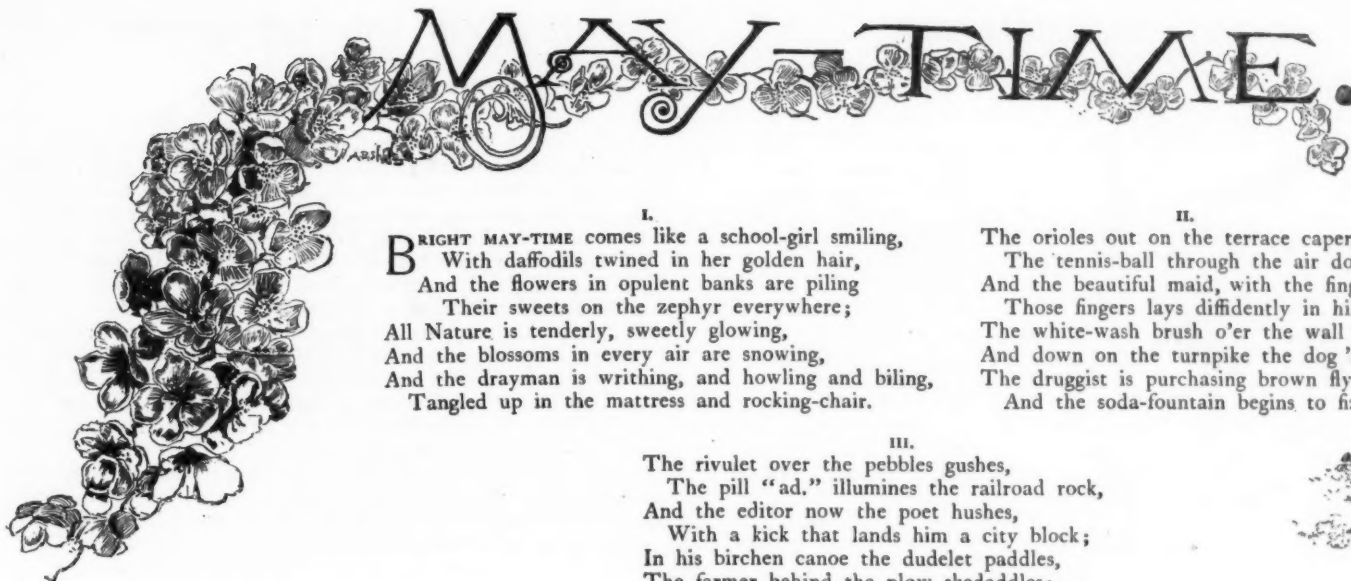
Or this:

REMEMBRANCE.

And such, forsooth, is life!
For yonder soulful hour I'd spurn the gift,
What time, alas! Mine eyes bedimmed I lift
Above all earthly strife!

The past comes not again!
The future is not now, nor can it be!
Four is not five, nor eight is double three!
I make my meaning plain?

SILURIA ANTONIA FLUFFKINS.



I.
BRIGHT MAY-TIME comes like a school-girl smiling,
With daffodils twined in her golden hair,
And the flowers in opulent banks are piling
Their sweets on the zephyr everywhere;
All Nature is tenderly, sweetly glowing,
And the blossoms in every air are snowing,
And the drayman is writhing, and howling and biling,
Tangled up in the mattress and rocking-chair.

II.
The orioles out on the terrace caper,
The tennis-ball through the air doth whiz;
And the beautiful maid, with the fingers taper,
Those fingers lays diffidently in his;
The white-wash brush o'er the wall is flying,
And down on the turnpike the dog's kiying;
The druggist is purchasing brown fly-paper,
And the soda-fountain begins to fizz.

III.
The rivulet over the pebbles gushes,
The pill "ad." illumines the railroad rock,
And the editor now the poet hushes,
With a kick that lands him a city block;
In his birchen canoe the dudelet paddles,
The farmer behind the plow skedaddles;
In the porcelain bowl the May wine blushes,
And rich in the Post-Kell'er foams the bock.

IV.
All Nature's a-smile in a wreath of roses,
Roses all yellow, and red and white;—
When the store upon Saturday early closes,
The heart of the clerk will be blithe and light;
Serene is the night-time, as well as the day-time,
For this is the delicate, roseate May-time;
And who now the summer's at hand supposes,
In that supposition is just dead right.

R. K. M.

THE FALL OF NEW YORK.

OUR E. C., the *Christian Union*, prints a timely and interesting article on the movements of a large number of dollar-and-centimentalists to destroy New York as a place of residence. These people, who might with propriety be dubbed "greed-of-gainsters," are ever on the alert to disfigure and ruin the principal thoroughfares of this city, to serve their own purses.

Beer saloons, livery stables, and stores, already abound on Fifth Avenue, and we have no doubt that if these sharks in human form could have their way, they would have bone boilers and oil factories in Central Park, until that (at present) beautiful enclosure would eclipse Hunter's Point and the Jersey meadows combined.

The proposed Broadway "L" road was a blow at the beauty of our main thoroughfare. The bill for this road was read three times at Albany without the knowledge of the people, which fact, in itself, is a fair sample of the impudence and cupidity of the greed-of-gainsters. These people, if they could, would turn Trinity Church into a bowling establishment, and have an alley in each aisle. They would think nothing of turning Fifth Avenue into a canal, and having the West Shore road continue across from Weehawken, and running down to the City Hall. They would turn the Academy at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street into a circus, and Madison Square into a cattle ranch. These public-spirited citizens are the kind of men that buy ten-thousand-dollar pictures, and drink their coffee out of saucers, after cooling it off sufficiently by a blowing process.

We would, therefore, advise people who expect to be alive twenty-five years hence, to buy some land in the country, where it is now to be had at a reasonable figure; for in twenty-five years they will

need it, inasmuch as at that period we shall all be driven out of New York, as the Indians were driven west. We shall simply be on our reservation, and it will, at least, be satisfactory to know that if there is an elevated road on Broadway, that there will be no respectable people here to patronize it.

As it seems to be the proper thing to ruin the beauty of the city, it may not be out of place to suggest to milliners and dressmakers the idea of starting a monster hurdy-gurdy in the Reservoir Park; on this machine salaried belles could go whirling around in the latest styles, and the hurdy-gurdy would really be the glass of fashion. Then the greed-of-gainsters might tear down all the grand buildings, just as they are now trying to cut down all the grand old trees in the Adirondacks.

We have always thought that the only thing that could depopulate New York would be the high rents and the poisonous air; but it seems that when New York does go, if it ever does, it will be owing to the fact that Fifth Avenue is full of intelligence offices, and blacksmith shops, and that all other thoroughfares are similarly afflicted, or, rather, cursed.



CAUTION BORN OF EXPERIENCE.

OUR PASTOR (to NEW ARRIVAL in town).—Perhaps you would like to join our Mutual Improvement Union? We should dearly like to welcome you."

NEW ARRIVAL.—That depends on how big you gag your limit. I'd a been eatin' nuggets in Reno today 'f't had n't been fer th' "Sons of Faith," there.

THE DIFFERENT LAKES in the State of New York have this spring been bountifully stocked with young salmon trout. This is a sad blow to fishermen who never care to go fishing unless they can sit in a boat all day, catch nothing, and then go home with bright hopes that a change in the wind will make fishing better the next day.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

POLICEMAN (in citizen's dress, to brother officer in saloon Sunday morning).—It's whiskey, Dennis; and we've got the waiter dead to rights! Shall I arrest him now?

DENNIS.—No; let's have a few more drinks first!

RECENT THEATRICAL ART.



WENT TO THE THEATRE a few nights ago, to see a popular play, in which one of the chief characters is a great villain.

I came away again, sadly disappointed. The play was not what I expected. I shall go no more to the play-house. The palmy days of the drama are over. The theatre has fallen into the sere and yellow fifth act, and there is no health in it.

The theatre has followed the path of literature, and the good old things are changed. I beheld a lot of swell people in full evening dress, on the stage. They spoke quietly to one another, very much as people do off the stage, and in very much the same sort of language.

This is not what I want when I go to the theatre. I do not propose to "blow in" the rare and radiant dollar-fifty, unless I can see something that does not grow in every vacant lot.

What is the theatrical villain of to-day? Is he a real good, old-fashioned ruffian? Does he ever drag a helpless maiden from the domiciliary roof of her ancestors by the hair? No, sir!

Does he ever say to the hero: "Say one word, and thou art food for the wolves?" Does he ever grab the heroine by the wrist, yank her down the stage in three long strides, slam her down in a big chair, bend over her and whisper fiendishly: "Sdeath, maiden; but, by my soul, I love thee! Thou shalt be mine! Yield, or, by heaven, I'll—"

That's all I know of that speech, because "by heaven, I'll" is the cue for the maiden to spring up, and, throwing the two-hundred-pound villain half-way across the stage, to say: "Unhand me, ruffian! And know that, rather than mate with such as thou, I'd cast myself from yonder battlement into the foaming flood beneath!"

And does the villain then say: "Now, by heavens! I like thy spirit! I love thee all the more for it?"

And does the maiden say: "Merciful powers! Protect me?"

And then does the door open, and the hero rush in, armed with a good, blunt broad-sword?

And then do he and the villain fence up and down the stage, sixes, eights, shoulder blows, cut and thrust?

Oh, no!

Oh, nay!

These things have given way to swallow-tailed coats and high collars, and the villain is now as big a dude as any fellow in the show.

Oh, for the good old palmy days of the drama, when the broad-sword ruled, and there was gore!

The modern drama is too much like ice-cream after a heavy dinner—cold and unsatisfying.

Give me the old-fashioned villain, or, give me death!

TRICOTRIN.

WHEN A HEATHEN GETS about half-full of Massachusetts rum, the Christian religion strikes him as being faultless.

ALEXANDER, WHEN HE reached the top, sighed for new worlds to conquer. But citizens in this country are not so handicapped. When they reach the top, they can jump in for a second term.

COLONEL HIGGINSON SAYS that in his opinion men are more nervous than women. The Colonel, as a married man, ought to remember the innumerable times that he has answered the question: "Did you lock the back door?"

THE COON AND THE HOUND.

A Fable for "Mind-Cure" Folks.

ON A CERTAIN Cold Day, a Hound, searching for Game in a large Field, ran across a Coon who was eating Ice Cream, and fanning Himself vigorously at times. The Hound, knowing full well that it was a Cold Day for Watermelons, Picnics, and the like, thus addressed Him:

"How is it, my Friend, that You appear to be so Over Heated, when just this Morning my Master's Thermometer broke from the extreme Shrinkage of the Mercury contained therein, and I also am obliged to Break the Record in Running to keep about Half Warm?"

The Coon, while mopping the Perspiration from his Brow, replied:

"You certainly are aware that I am the Only Original, Copyrighted Weather Prophet, and that I regulate the Weather for 6 (Six) Weeks to come; and, as I have failed to see my Shadow this Day, We shall certainly have a Very Warm Spell; I will not return to my Hole, but shall stay out or Bust; Come and Remain with Me."

"Excuse Me," said the Hound: "but I am not in the North Pole Business at present. Beside Which, the North by Northeast Winds, with increasing low Temperature for the Middle States, penetrate my Whiskers. I am a little short on Weather Science, but when a Cold Day arrives, I prefer being an uneducated Dog under a warm Stove, and alive, to one that is Frozen to Death by his Convictions."

Saying which, he hastily retired.

In the Balmy Spring-time, the Hound resumed his usual rounds about the Field, and chanced to perceive the Skeleton of the Coon at their late trysting-place. There had evidently been more assorted Weathers of all Kinds than the Coon was able to Stand. And the Hound, between his Sobs, remarked:

"Poor Fellow! You meant it all right; but as long as the Earth revolves and Seasons change, People will govern themselves accordingly; or, *vice versa*. People don't play Base-Ball in December, nor Slide down Toboggans in August; and if Old Probabilities says 'it will be warmer to-morrow,' We stay inside of our heavy Overcoats just as hard."

This Fable teaches us that Common Sense is a Rare and valuable possession.

VERY SELECT.

ONE OF OUR mining camp exchanges publishes the following society announcement, which is proof of the fact that even the denizens of the Wild West are susceptible to refinement and culture. The notice reads:

The Devil-may-care Cow-Boy Cotillion Club will give a grand free dance and rum-punch party, in the hall over Pop Wilson's saloon, on Friday evening next, beginning at seven in the evening, and lasting until the cows come home in the morning. This will be the dandy dance of the season. The boys

want to give it out cold, right now, that this shake-down is for only the *élite* of the city, and no drunk or disreputable ladies or gentlemen will be admitted, as on ordinary occasions. A "culchaw" cold wave has struck this camp, and our society circles have got to be reorganized, if two or three chaps we know of have to be lynched to do it. Come one, come all, and hoe her down at this grand society ball!

A PORTRAIT.

SHE THINKS SO MUCH of worldly show
That, should an angel call her to
Arise unto the skies,
A long, white robe she'd quickly don,
And buy a harp to play upon;
Then pay a call to every friend,
And tell them all to watch her wend
Her way to Paradise.

MAUDE ANNULET ANDREWS.





NE ON THE BLOATED MONOPOLIST.

MR. BARNARD has sold a respectable list
Of comets he's found near the orbit of Mars
To Warner, the comet monopolist,
And bold speculator in stars.

He sells them at one hundred dollars apiece,
And he hunts the whole sky as a hunter the woods,
And gives a full quit-claim and written release
For cash on delivery of goods.

But rise, O ye freemen! arise in your might!
Permit this bold corner in comets no more—
Very soon every comet that wanders the night
Will be owned by this Warner and sold at his store.

Then up, sturdy freeman, and fight for the right!
Subscribe on your banners this fearless device:
"There shall be no more corners on stars of the night;
We will buy our own comets, and pay our own price!"
S. W. FOSS.

PUCK'S WASHINGTON DISPATCHES.

WASHINGTON, May 5th.—(*Special*.)—The discipline in the Treasury Department is a shame to the Administration. The chiefs of division lack either the power or the inclination to preserve order; clerks frequently come in several minutes late, go to their desks without a word of excuse; leave the office whenever they wish, and, in every way, show independence of their superiors. If a business house was conducted as is the Treasury Department, it would be a wreck in a month. Yet, Administration organs pipe about public office being a public trust, and about the Government's business being conducted on business principles. Avaunt, hypocrites!

WASHINGTON, May 6th.—(*Special*.)—The Treasury Department officials have just posted an order which would be intensely ridiculous if it were not shamefully unjust in its requirements.

From next Monday, every clerk is required to be at his desk at exactly nine o'clock, and no one can leave the office without permission of the chief. If a man comes late, he is "docked;" and if he leaves the room without permission, he is dismissed.

Ye Gods! Has the greatest department of our Government come down to the basis of a country school-room? Are intelligent, cultured men to be treated like first-grade urchins? Are we to see venerable men, who have grown gray in the service of their country, holding up their hands to a petty official, and saying: "Please lemme go out, sir?"

But, laying aside the absurdity of the new order of things, let us look at its injustice.

Hereafter, if a poor, under-paid clerk gets through his breakfast a little late, and reaches the department after the big clock has struck nine, his wife and children will, perhaps, have to dispense with a matinée ticket that month. If, impelled by the weariness brought on by hours of labor, he crosses the street for a "bracer," he is thrown out on the world with his family, to starve.

That is reform—Cleveland Reform. As has hitherto been remarked in these dispatches—Avaunt, hypocrites!

WASHINGTON, May 7th.—(*Special*.)—Good church members here are deploring the fact that President Cleveland does not attend religious services. Indeed, it is freely hinted that the President cares nothing for religion, and is, in fact, a skeptic.

Of course, in this free country, every man has a right to think as he pleases; still, to have an infidel presiding over a Christian republic is exceedingly unfortunate, in effect. How different it would have been if pious Mr. Blaine were in the White House!



SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE AT WEST POINT.

CAVALRY INSTRUCTOR.—Prepare to mount!

FRESH CADET (*whose experience has been behind—not on—horses*).—C-can't we arbitrate this thing?

WASHINGTON, May 9th.—(*Special*.)—President Cleveland was present at divine worship last night, at the 4½ Street Presbyterian Church. He exhibited marked fervor. After services, he had a long talk with the pastor and some prominent members, on religious subjects, and developed a religious enthusiasm, amounting almost to fanaticism.

Persons intimate with the President said to-day that he is growing very illiberal in his religious views. In fact, it seems that he is a Presbyterian true blue—a sort of a John Knox. Nothing could be more unfortunate in its effects on the country than this religious fanaticism of its Chief Executive—especially at this time, when religious hatreds are dying out, and the privilege of free thought is coming to be generally acknowledged.

But, after all, what else could be expected from such a man as Grover Cleveland?
W. L. RIORDON.

LOCAL PRIDE.

SHE (*at the Polo Grounds*).—What a fine stalwart set of men they are! No wonder we take so much local pride in them! Are they all New Yorkers, George?

HE.—Well—er—no, not all. Some are from Ireland, several from Germany, New Jersey, and other foreign lands, and the rest from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and, I think, the Pacific coast.

NOT FAVORABLY IMPRESSED.

BUFFALO BILL (*after the reception, to Indian chieftain*).—Well, Holler-a-hole-in-the-air, what did you think of Her Majesty, the Queen?

HOLLER-A-HOLE-IN-THE-AIR.—Ugh! Heap fat Squaw!

OF WHAT USE is the "e" in the name Blaine? Why not burn the letter?

THE DRAMATIC TRIUMPHS which Mrs. James Brown Potter will bring home with her will be admitted duty free.

A FIRE, WHICH OCCURRED in New Jersey the other day, threatened to destroy a large quantity of apple-jack; whereupon, an excited body of men ran into the burning house and saved it. This is but one proof that New Jersey clings to her Revolutionary patriotism.



DRIFTING TOWARD THE GOATS.

STRANGER (*to clerk of fashionable up-town hotel*).—Can you tell me in what part of the city the American Colony is located?

CLERK (*dubiously*).—Well—er—if there is such a colony, sir, I think you will find it somewhere in Harlem. (*To Boy*.) Here, Front, show this gentleman to a Second Avenue elevated station!



As he is when he Arrives in America.

THE EVOLUTION OF



ION OF THE ANARCHIST.

As we find him Six Months Later.



CLEAN TIPS.

I'VE A NOTION, on the Ocean,
Where they sail in stately ships,
'Mid the rolling waves' commotion,
Everybody waits for tips.
See them, as they line the gangways,
Fill the cabins, crowd the door!
Stewards one ne'er saw before,
Waiting for the hunted tourist,
Thirsting wildly for his gore.
They must bleed him now or never,
For he's lost to them forever,
When his boot heels strike the shore.
One stands there whose foot unstable,
Waiter at adjacent table,
Spilled the bouillon, clumsy brute,
All adown my Tuesday suit;
Yet he waits with smile so bland,
Waiting there with outstretched hand.
So, upon the rolling Ocean,
Where the waves make sad commotion,
Where they sail in stately ships,
Everybody waits for tips;
E'en the shelves within the pantry, hung on pivots,
Wait for tips.

A DEPRAVED TASTE.

EMILY PFEIFFER indignantly remarks in the *Contemporary Review*: "That the deformed figures, the joint production of the corset and mantua-maker, which shuffle about our streets and drawing-rooms, fulfill the physical ideal of the majority of men of all ages is clear."

Yes, Emily, you are right! We *do* like that kind. We have tried, with a mighty effort, to like the other kind of waist; but it is impossible, and we confess it to our shame.

You doubtless recall a certain line of Hogarth, called "beautiful." Well, Emily, it was and is a curved line; and, if you will deign for one of your strong-minded moments to contemplate the undulating profile of some of these joint productions of the corset and m-m's, you can, if you will, observe that they are constructed on the fundamental principles of art.

We like to see that kind of waist in a drawing-room. We like to dance with it; take it to the opera; put it in a Newmarket, and walk with it; proudly perch it by our side, and drive it out as far as Pelham or Tarrytown. We had just as soon see our wives and sisters with that kind of a waist. We know fifty girls and twenty-five wives with more or less of a waist such as you describe. The girls ride, drive, play tennis, dance, go to church, wear nobby clothes, natty boots, jaunty hats, rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and clean souls. The wives are faithful, honest, wholesome women—mothers of hearty, happy children. And, Emily, they do *not* shuffle, and are *not* deformed. They are as straight as starlight, and their trimly-shod feet strike the earth with a click that tells of tingling blood and vital forces.

And then, again, Emily, they do not get sour, and scold, and make themselves disagreeable. They very seldom "cry out indignantly." They

LIFE IN THE OIL COUNTRY.

AGENT (to WOMAN at the door).—Madam, I desire to call your attention to our new sewing machine button-hole attachment. It has fairly revolutionized the business, and no family can afford to be without it!

WOMAN.—This family can! We've jest struck a two-hundred bar'l fourth-sand gusher, an' we're all goin' to Yurrope!



do not jump on the platform every now and then, and bully the human race. They do not slam on their bonnets and shawls, and crouch around to see whom they can spring on and reform. They don't invent and boom appliances for making slab-sided Bloomers and Doctors Mary Walker, or advocate co-operative, hygienic, and carbolic dress reforms.

They just move along the line of life, minding their own business, placidly living, tenderly loving, and, in the fullness of time, sweetly dying with almost the same kind of a corset and other paraphernalia on the chair by the side of the bed, as came in with William of Orange, and never went out again.

VIRES AND HOMINES.

A FABLE.

ONE DAY A FAMOUS ATHLETE made a Wager that he would Jump off a certain high Bridge, and when the day set for the Feat arrived, he attired himself in Spangles, and Jumped with a great deal of grace and style. But on his Way Down, his position shifted. When he reached land he was not arrested, Owing to the fact that he was Dead.

A short time after this, a Drunken man jumped off the same Bridge on the spur of the moment; and, although he was not an athlete, and had no Style nor Spangles about him, his descent resulted simply in a refreshing Bath.

The moral of this Fable teaches us that a Swelled Head is often better than a Clear one, and that we should always Leap before we Look.



EVADING THE LAW.

"T'anks, Grogan! Now fill oop another fer th' copper! He's high dead these lasht few Sundays!"

MRS. JOHN L. SULLIVAN has lately joined a Methodist congregation in Rhode Island, with the expectation of some day inducing her unregenerate spouse to shy his castor in the arena of the church militant. But how will Sister Sullivan ever get John to the mourner's bench? All previous contracts in that line have proved flat failures to the takers.

IN LOOKING OVER the index just issued by *Public Opinion*, we find the title: "What the Mosquito is Good For." We would suggest the purchase of a copy containing this article to every Long Islander; for if it be a reliable one, and the mosquito is really good for anything, there ought to be a colossal fortune staring every native of Long Island in the face.

ACCEPTED MANUSCRIPT.

STRANGER (to Magazine Editor).—We 'uns ha' got a story thet we 'uns wants you 'ns ter read. Hit's th' allfiredest, dodflabbergasted interastin' thing you 'ns ever see, an—

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—Say no more, my dear sir; say no more! To whom shall I have the honor of sending the proof?

DR. GUNN HAS JUST written a book called "The Truth About Alcohol." He ought to have called it *In Vino Veritas*.

LONG DRAWN OUT.

PLUMBER.—I've come to fix the water pipe.

KATHLEEN.—Yez have, have yez? Well, yez hed better go back an' sind up a man wan soize shsmaller. It's an inch poipe, an' Oi 'm 'fraid yez cud n't quite squaze in it.



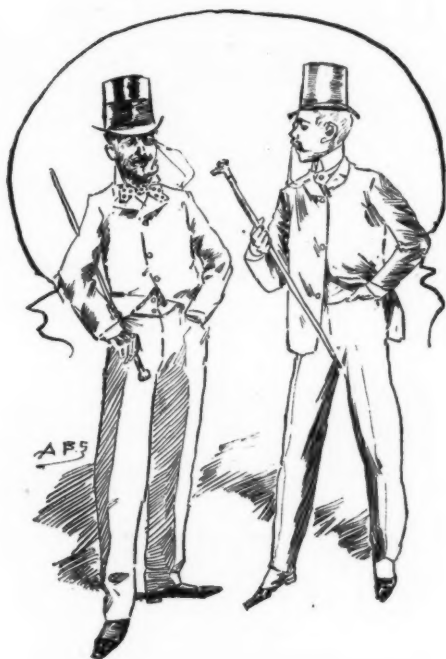
CLEOPATRA WAS OVER THIRTY when she did not marry Marcus Antonius.

IN GENESEO, ILL., the other day, there was witnessed the remarkable phenomenon of the wind blowing two ways at once.—*Sun, March 31.* When the wind that does duty at the *Sun* office gets down so low that two ways at once is considered worthy of note, it is safe to infer that he will consider his occupation gone.

JOE COOK SAYS there can be no repentance after death, but does n't seem to realize how important it is.

THE RECENT BEER-DRINKING MATCH between two walking delegates was decided a draw, on account of the beer giving out.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that Gail Hamilton furnishes the pens and Mr. Blaine the ink.



CONTAINS NOTHING INJURIOUS.

"Aw—yes," said young Darwin: "the head of this cane is—aw—solid gold y' know. I would n't carry one that was n't pure."

"I see," said his friend: "sensitive stomach, eh, Cholley?"

SHE!

DEDICATED TO S. RIDER HAGGARD.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful *She*,
Who dwelt in that far away land—
In Africa, over the sea—
Who ruled by the wave of her hand?
She bathed in the pillar of fire,
Her beauty was wondrous to see,
But woe to the son or the sire
Who won the dread vengeance of *She*!

No death was she ever to know,
For death there is none; it is change;
Since *She* has declared it is so,
Marvel not, nor consider it strange.
She rules by the wave of her hand,
She kills by the glance of her eye,
And they who ignore her command
By her beauty are blasted and die.

Think ye this is a fable? But nay!
In the Garden of Eden was *She*!
She spake; did not Adam obey?
Was he more her servant than we?
She had never known death; only change
Is her portion; and many have paid
With their souls for a touch or a breath
Of *She-who-must-be-obeyed*.

When she enters a car with a sigh,
All eyes are upon her upturned;
Where she fixes the glance of her eye
Her power is most quickly discerned.
Her victim looks up in her face,
Half smitten, and yet half afraid,
He rises and yields up his place
Unto *She-who-must-be-obeyed*.

Where the heart of the lover is chained,
Dwelleth *She* in her majesty bright;
For thousands of years has she reigned,
And all have succumbed to her might.
What family knows not her power?
Of what is the husband afraid
Returning when late is the hour?
Of *She-who-must-be-obeyed*!

Say you, then, your heart never has bowed
To the might of the glorious *She*?
That your spirit has never been cowed
By her spirit, and never shall be?
While the landlady blasts by her eye,
Or Bridget by lengthy tirade,
How dare ye the prestige deny
Of *She-who-must-be-obeyed*?

E. FRANK LINTABER.

THE BASE-BALL SEASON has just opened; yet we have read of several players having been severely injured. It won't be long before the government will have all these maimed subjects on her pension roll as veterans of the late war.

"BOCK" MAY NOT be the proper name for the favorite amber beverage; but we are satisfied to let it go-at that.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT that Gail Hamilton denies that she is Arthur Richmond, this country believes that it is "onto Richmond."

THE ONLY THING that the Interstate Commerce law passes is understanding; i. e., it passeth understanding.

IF SAMSON HAD HAD Herr Most's jaw-bone, there would n't have been Philistines enough left to make a grease-spot.

PATTI AND MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER are on their farewell trips.

MARK TWAIN AND PROF. LOISETTE.

Mr. Clemens, having been asked by a country clergyman, his opinion of the Loisetian System of Memory Training, taught at 237 Fifth Avenue, replied as follows:

"Prof. Loiset did not create a memory for me, no, nothing of the kind. And yet he did for me what amounted to the same thing. I had before been able, like most people, to store up and lose things in the dark cellar of my memory; but he showed me how to light up the cellar. It is the difference—to change the figure—between having money where you can't collect it, and having it in your pocket."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 140 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

It was the alchemy of

SAPOLIO

that taught men this proverb.

Mrs. Perkins on Diamonds.

"I would n't give a fig for a diamond if I was hungry and alone," said practical Mrs. Perkins. "Of course, if there were plenty of fools about ready to part with their money, it would be easy to raise a young fortune on one; but a diamond without the fool is about as useless a thing as I know of."

"Bright things catch babies. If you want to please my eye with anything bright show me a kitchen full of shining pans. I declare if there were no Sapolio in the country, bright pans would be as rare as diamonds in some houses. Give me a clean house and good clean cooking, and you can keep all your diamonds," said practical Mrs. Perkins.

**Ed. Brown's
Ginger**
ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
U. S. A.

A Remedy

SUITED TO THE
EXTREMES OF

Heat and Cold.

AT ALL TIMES

Beneficial

WHEN GENTLE
TONIC AND

Stimulating

INFLUENCES
ARE REQUIRED.

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ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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By Travelers
ON

Long Journeys

BY LAND OR BY SEA,
IT WILL BE FOUND
INVALUABLE. + IN
EVERY HOUSEHOLD

It is a Necessity.

"Private Club"

GRAND CHAMPAGNE.

FELIX JACQUIN,
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Highest Grade Imported.

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GENERAL AGENT,

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FOR SALE BY

Leading Wine Merchants
AND
WHOLESALE GROCERS.



HOTEL EVERETT, Park Row, N. Y. City.
Best and cheapest in town.
250 Rooms from 60 Cents per day. Steam Heat. Open day
and night. C. E. EVERETT, Prop.

His occiput was shattered,
And his frontal lobe was battered,
And his brains were badly scattered
On the ground;
His back was dislocated,
And his elbows both mismated,
And his flesh was desiccated
All around.

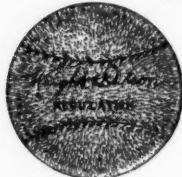
He was punished for what reason?
Was it arson, murder, treason?
No; once more has come the season
Of base-ball.

He was from no cannon fired,
But by rival nines was hired,
And—poor fellow—he umpired
—That was all. —*Tid-Bits.*

"Ah, Miss Porker," observed young Gusher
to a Chicago young woman visiting friends in
this city: "What a charming writer Browning
is! I suppose he is admired in Chicago?"

"Well," replied Miss Porker: "I can't say
for the whole town; but I can tell you that I'm
just dead stuck on him myself."—*New York
Mail.*

WRIGHT & DITSON'S



ADOPTED

LAWN TENNIS BALL,

FOR SEASON OF 1887.

Official Tennis Rules, by mail, 10 cents. Send for Tennis
Catalogue. 296
580 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
cal, costing less than one cent a
cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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PROPRIETORS,

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THE LEADING RIDING SCHOOL
IN THE CITY.



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Special attention paid to

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Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and
other Material for Costumes, etc. 26

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GREAT REDUCTION IN

All Wool and Silk and Wool
Dress Goods Combinations.

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Nun's Veiling,

and Albatross Cloths.

Broadway & 19th St.

New York.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

TWO GENTLEMEN

whose names are familiar to every
American, have recently written us,
speaking in the highest terms of

Williams' Shaving Stick.

Unequaled in richness of lather and deli-
ciacy of perfume. Each Stick in a neat,
turned wood case, covered with dark red
morocco leatherette.

Ask your Druggist for it or send 25cts.
in Stamps, for which we will send it post-
paid to any address. Address,

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years Mfrs. of Yankee Shaving Soap.



DEAR Meredith, your beautiful poem on the "Death of an Infant" has been received and is now in the hands of a board of experts, it having already received the approval of the editor. This examination takes a world of time, but in these days of dynamite and acrostics it is safer and pleasanter for the most enterprising editor to be six weeks behind than five minutes too previous. Comprawney voo which way le chatte gejumpen?—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

NINE-TENTHS of the blind men in poor-houses are bachelors. They probably lost their sight trying to thread needles.—*Omaha World*.

We have sent to New York for one of the leading affidavit editors on the press of that city. As soon as he gets here *The Bell* will begin to get up a circulation.—*Dakota Bell*.

E P P S ' S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C O A

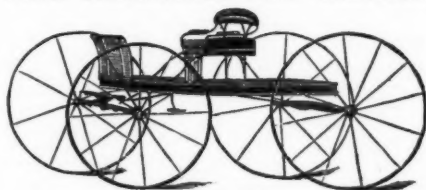
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Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering. Any book learned in one reading. Great inducements to correspondence classes. Prospectus, with opinions in full of MR. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, HON. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DENIO, The Christian Advocate, MARK TWAIN, and others, sent post free by **PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

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FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.



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Send for Catalogue and Price-lists.

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Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps, by **J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.**

TO THE PUBLIC.

Gentlemen:

I desire to call your attention to the fact that I have transferred my Bowery Business (owing to the late fire) temporarily to 771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth St.

Have been able to duplicate by "Cable" most of my "Foreign Spring Styles" in Scotch effects, also had the advantage of a great number of "New Styles in Domestic" that were made for late trade. The same Salesmen and Cutters from the Bowery Stores will be pleased to meet old customers, and I can assure them of receiving the same attention as formerly. Remember, my Spring Stock is now "Complete" in every detail, "Styles and Shades."

Would be pleased to have you inspect same before making your Spring purchase.

Very truly yours,

NICOLL THE TAILOR,

771 Broadway, Cor. 9th St.

Open Evenings.

Suits to Order from \$20.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands. Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS"—The Great English Complexion Soap,—Sold Everywhere."

A MAN from Pine Knob stood watching a performance on a slide trombone. Suddenly seizing a companion's arm, the Pine Knob man excitedly exclaimed:

"For the Lawd's sake, look thare, Lige!"

"Whut's the matter?"

"Look thar, he dun it again!"

"Done what?"

"W'y, crowded mo'n ha'f that blamed ho'n inter his mouth. Did you see that? Wall, I'll sw'ar!"—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

THERE is what is said to be a superstition in Ireland that the old Irish used to know how to rhyme rats to death. We see no reason for calling this a superstition. No poison could be so "rough on rats" as some poetry we wot of and expect to wot more of ere death releases us from the wotting business.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

ARTIST.—I don't like your butter, sir. Your table is good enough, but I don't admire your butter.

FARMER.—But I make it myself.

A.—Did n't you tell me that you had no cows?

F.—Wal, stranger, do you think we farmers don't know how to make fust class table butter without cows? What do you take us for? The world moves and so do we.—*Boston Beacon*.

POSITIVE, wait; comparative, waiter; superlative, do it yourself if you want it done.—*Peoria Call*.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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THOUSANDS ATTEST TO THE CURATIVE POWER OF EDWARDS' for the Nerves and Appetite. It will positively cure chronic diarrhoea, no matter how long. **WILD CHERRY TONIC** standing. For sale by E. C. HAZARD & CO., C. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton St., N. Y., WILD CHERRY MFG. CO., Elizabeth, N. J. \$1.00 per bottle.



FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facia, Development, Hair and Scalp, Superficial Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, B'lk Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. John H. Woodbury, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Established 1856.



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Second Edition.

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GRAMMAR OF

SKAT the German Game of Cards. Model Games, German Card-Table Talk and Playing Cards. 200

Crown 80. Cloth Extra, Gilt Top, \$1.00.

"The most delightful of all games."—*N. Y. Times*.

"Skat is a power in German life."—*N. Y. Nation*.

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Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best. Barry's Tricopherous not only gives brilliancy to the Hair, but promotes the growth to such a degree that in a few months a thin head of hair becomes by its use a thick mass of shining fibres.



CRANDALL & CO., 569 3D AVE.

Established 1841. Wholesale and retail. Oldest, largest, and most reliable baby carriage factory in the United States. Newest and best styles to select from. Our patent baby carriage spring indorsed by highest authority. J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., and by Dr. Shady, as safe and healthful. Also, large stock velocipedes, wagons, doll carriages, &c. Catalogues free.

The Arts a Hundred Years

AGO. A hundred years ago the mysteries of every craft were hedged in by fences of empirical pretensions. And although we boast of the enlightenment of the present day, the same hidden empiricism exists. Especially is this the case in discoveries in the "healing art." It is true that many of these vaunted nostrums are worthless, and it is better that they are not known. The great recommendation of Dr. Tutt's Pills is that he does not keep their composition a secret. Any one acting from pure motives can know it. The better they are known, the more they are appreciated. Scientists say that every ingredient composing his Liver Pills is harmless, and when combined, they form the most powerful anti-bilious medicine ever known.

Tutt's Liver Pills CURE BILIOUSNESS, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
**PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.**
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR.)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
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Waltham Timing Watches.

With or Without Split Seconds,
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THE WALTHAM CHRONOGRAPH combines an ACCURATE stop-watch for sporting, astronomical and general scientific purposes, with a RELIABLE time-keeper for ordinary use.

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Extensive Manufacturers of Billiard Tables in the World.

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BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

TRAMP.—I have lost an arm, sir, will—
PASSER-BY (*in great haste*).—Sorry; but I
have n't seen anything of it.—*Brooklyn Union*.

A CROWDED HORSE-CAR.—(*Enter Mrs. MUL-
CAHEY with a jug. Mr. MAHONEY, who is
seated, facetiously.*)—Wud I hould the whiskey
fur yez, Mistress Mulcahey?

Mrs. M. (*with withering sarcasm*).—Thank
yez kindly, sor, but ye have all ye can hould
now, I'm thinking.—*Albany Argus*.

THEY were talking about the progress of the
country, and how it had gone ahead in the last fif-
teen years, when the man in the corner observed:

"I can't quite agree with you. We could
have gone ahead much faster."

"How?"

"Why, somebody might have discovered fifty
years ago that no hops were necessary to make
lager beer, and that a good five-cent cigar could
be made of cabbage leaves."—*Wall St. News*.

I HAVE HAD A TROUBLESOME COUGH FOR
more than five years, and have had the advice of three of the
most skilled physicians, but I found nothing to relieve and cure
me till I used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.—Mrs. George A.
Robbins, Riverside, Me. Kinsman's, 25th St. and 4th Ave.

Angostura Bitters is a household word all over the world.
For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now
advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine
article is manufactured by J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess

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Munsci Lajos and Prince
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Con-
certs. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.



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MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.
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Imitators and Impostors

The unequalled success of Allcock's
Porous Plasters as an external remedy
has stimulated unscrupulous parties to
put forth imitations, which they en-
deavor to sell on the reputation of
Allcock's. It is an absurdity to speak
of them in the same category as the
genuine and original porous plasters.
Their pretensions are unfounded, their
vaunted merit unsupported by facts,
their alleged superiority to or equality
with Allcock's a false pretense.

The ablest medical practitioners and
chemists and thousands of grateful pa-
tients unite in declaring Allcock's Por-
ous Plasters the best external remedy
known.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and
then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the
disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study.
I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. Because others have
failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a
treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and
Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 185 Pearl St., New York.

Print Your Own Cards!
PRESS, \$3; Circular size press, \$4; Newspaper size, \$14.
Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for
catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to the factory,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

PERSPIRING MAN.—
Direct me to a surgeon
as quick as possible.

COOL MAN.—Some-
body met with an acci-
dent?

"Not yet, but there's
no time to lose. My
wife is going to drive a
picture nail."—*Bing-
hamton Republican*.

SCENE, TELEGRAPH
OFFICE.—"That makes
ten words, Madam."

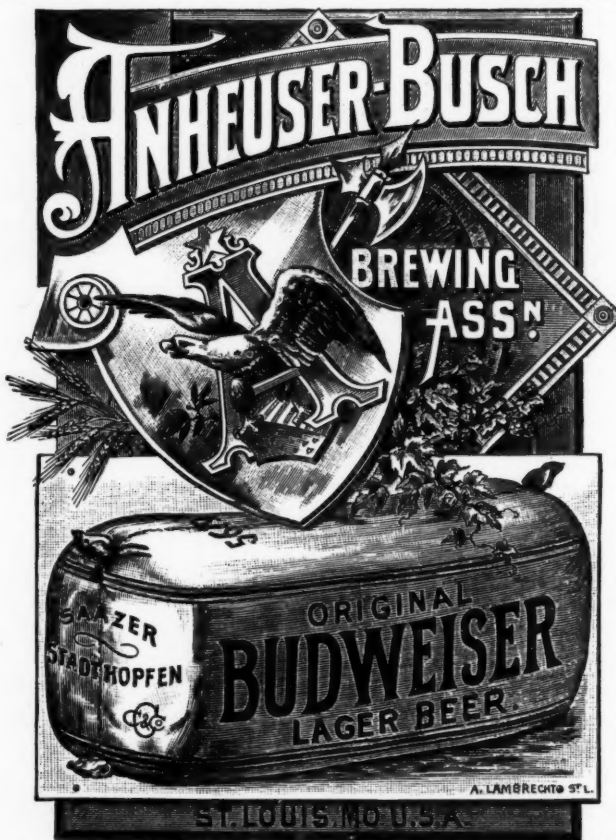
"Am I not entitled
to send two words
more?"

"Certainly, Ma-
dam."

"Very well; then
have the kindness to
put the words 'In
haste' on the envelope
of the telegram."—
Cedar Rapids Gossip.

MISS MULCAHEY.—
Sure, Mister O'Rafferty,
it's disappointed that
we were last night
that yez didn't call at
our house as yez prom-
ised.

MR. O'RAFFERTY.—
Sure, Miss Mulcahey,
it's sorry that I am, but
I could n't come. I
can't be in two places
at once. It's not am-
phibious that I am.—
Texas Siftings.



"THE FINEST BOTTLE-BEER IN THE MARKET."

For Sale at all Agencies of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing
Association, and all first-class Hotels and Groceries.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

375

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says:

At one of the
"Windows"
Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of
rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms !!!
"There was an interesting group.
It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner,"
but was now so
Paralyzed !!!
That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.
This refers to my case.
I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor
Ataxy"
(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)
and was for several years barely able to get about.
And for the last five years not able to attend to my
business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the
Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May,
1882.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of
patent "Medicines?"

And made many objections to my dear wife's con-
stant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—
Consented !!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a
change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d.
On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room
companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!
So started across the floor and back.
I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house.
I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe with-
out any
"Stick!"
Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn
my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester
"Royal Exchange."
For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on
going in the room on Thursday last.

Very gratefully yours,
MANCHESTER, (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of
"Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came
near losing my
Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food—
However light
And digestible,

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through
the most

Excruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained !!!
No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through,
until

"At last?"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed
and

Could eat nothing !!!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give
me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
"About your Hop Bitters!
And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of
One !!!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a
"Sick!"

Hour, from the same cause, since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You
have no such

"Advocate as I am."
Geo. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

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THE OPIUM HABIT

Cured without PAIN, EXPOSURE OR SLEEPLESSNESS at
home, by the method of Dr. H. H. Kane, Author of
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Phila.) Descriptive Book with endorsements by 300 phy-
sicians, description, prices, &c. Dr. KANE (formerly Sup-
De Quincy Hospital), 161 Fulton Street, New York.

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64 pages, PUCK size. 25 cents per copy.

SING a song of cleaning house!
Pocketful of nails,
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails!
—Chicago Mail.

THERE is an economical man in Norristown,
Penn., who drives five miles around to avoid a
toll-gate and the payment of five cents, and
spends fifty cents for a drink at the next hotel.—
New York Tribune.

THE practice of paying bills is what keeps
so many people poor.—Philadelphia North
American.

WE are glad to see that California is not to
be left out this year. The sea-serpent has ap-
peared in Santa Monica.—Alta California.

OMAHA MAN.—Live in Illinois, eh?

ILLINOIS MAN.—Yes; I own a hat factory there,
but am taking a vacation now while the building
is being enlarged. When finished it will cover
twice as much space as it formerly occupied.

"I see. Going to make hats for cow-boys, I
suppose."—Omaha World.

An agricultural exchange asks "how to make
hogs pay." This is a hard question to answer.
The best way to avoid the difficulty is not to sell
a hog anything unless he pays for it in advance.
—Traveler's Record.


A GENEROUS OFFER.

NO RISK, NO LOSS.
Dr. Taylor's Catarrh Cure is sold under a guarantee that if pur-
chaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten days' trial, the
price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot,
City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4-cent
stamp for pamphlet.

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Forms of the last page are closed Thursday at 5 P. M.



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OIL
AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES.
ALMOST AS PALATABLE
AS MILK.
The oil is so disguised that
the most delicate stomach
can take it without
the slightest
repugnance.
Remarkable as a
FLESH PRODUCER.
Persons gain rapidly
while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by numerous Physicians in the
United States and many foreign countries to be the
FINEST and BEST preparation of its class.
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CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL
DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF
CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.
For Sale
by all Druggists. **SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.**

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never
returns. No indelicacy. Neither
knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney
and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured
like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy
free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands
of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed,
so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES
FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any
sufferer. Give Ex. & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.



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TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply
diseases of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair, from in-
fancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the
blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus
removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and
inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores,
and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable
in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped
and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RE-
SOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Disease."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with
CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK
Nature's Disinfectant.
THE PINE FOREST at HOME.
Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dy-
sentry, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria,
Whooping Cough and Diarrhoea, can be saved
by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,
which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not
stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes
us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we
"grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room."
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eye of Blenden."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c
40 Cents each Preparation.

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from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as
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